2:Iliff Y-5 (ca. 1901) 1954 NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

Later, I went out to have a look at the cottonwood tree that held the thermometer. It hugged the wall of the house, spreading heavy branches over the roof. A few years afterward, this tree became very important to one of my successors. He and his wife saved their lives by climbing as high as its creaking limbs would allow while a flood raged below.

A short ladder leaned against the gnarled trunk. By standing with one foot on its top rung, the other on a stout limb, I would be able to read the thermometer that was enclosed in a rectangular box, nailed to the tree's trunk. I had played in trees in my childhood; tree climbing had always been fun. But now, when I tried to picture myself in my ankle-length skirts perched on a rung of the ladder and a limb of the tree, peering into that box, I couldn't bring the picture into focus; I didn't want to. But that didn't keep me from taking the readings and sending the reports to Washington. The canyon's temperature, I learned, varied by ten degrees from that of the mesa, winter or summer. Even nature applied a special law to the land of the People of the Blue Water.

Mr. Ewing had been right about our isolation. I was soon hungry for news from the outside. Our mail was brought by Indian carrier from Seligman, and this was "mail day." We were so eager for letters that by the time the sun's rays had left the canyon at three o'clock, we were already watching the trail, hoping the carrier had made a faster trip than usual. However, we had lighted the lamps before Spoonhead came riding in with the mail-sack thrown across his saddle.

It was the first time I had seen Spoonhead, but I did not need to speculate as to the origin of his name; just as the Indians declared, his head was shaped like the bowl of a spoon.

Miss Goenawein kept the post office in one corner of her room. She sorted the mail while we waited. Among my letters was one from Mr. Ewing, asking me to prepare an annual report for the Commissioner of Indian Affairs covering conditions on the reservation for the past year, a duty neglected by my predecessor. It was long overdue, and he urged that I submit it immediately. Although

4: Smithson E-5 (1951-1958) 1959 NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

205
492
291

205
344
291

Fig. 10. Mail delivery. Mail is brought twice weekly by pickup truck 35 mi. from Canyon to A, Topocoba Hilltop, where B, it is transferred to muleback and carried 14 mi. by trail to C, the Supai post office. When the mules come in sight, people drift toward the post office to wait until letters, groceries, and items from mail order houses are sorted and handed out.